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H. H. Simpson  
Supt. Lab. School

Kilbuck  
May 10<sup>th</sup> 1868



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THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

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TORONTO AND MONTREAL:  
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE  
GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

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A THIRD time had Marion run quickly up the hill behind her father's cottage, and looked earnestly along the road, but still no one appeared, either on the more distant road, or on the solitary path which led to the little dwelling. Again she returned, disappointed, to attend to the young family at home. She got everything ready for supper, and waited, she thought, a very long while; then, giving her younger sister the baby to take charge of, and receiving her promise not to leave the house till she returned, Marion once more flew to her station at the top of the hill, determined to wait there till her suspense was relieved, and till she knew what her lot was to be during the approaching winter. Her heart was full, and she had never spent a day of so much agitation

before ; and while she wished, she also feared the return of that parent for whom she yet looked in vain.

It was a mild autumn evening, and the sun was now setting in all its glory. Marion could not have described the scene on which she gazed, but she could feel its power ; and while she beheld the glow shed on all around, her young heart was softened. She remembered, that He who formed and sustains that sun, also watches over the humblest of his people, and hath said, that "even the hairs of our head are all numbered."

While following such thoughts, her fears lessened, and her confidence increased. She hoped that, even if she was to be separated from her parents, and from all she had yet loved, God would still watch over her and preserve her from evil. In her short life Marion had already witnessed suffering, and the feelings of sorrow had touched her own heart ; but she possessed a hope beyond this world, and at times she could look forward, in faith, to that heavenly rest which remaineth for the people of God. At this moment she thought she could learn, unmoved, whether she was to remain under her father's roof, or go, in the untried capacity of a servant, to the house of a stranger.

Marion thought herself thus calm, and, the instant she got a glimpse of her mother at the expected turn in the road, she began to run down



the other side of the hill to meet her. She ran for a little way, then stopped she knew not why, but her heart beat so quickly she could scarcely breathe. She sat down till she recovered, in some measure, then hurried on ; but when she reached her mother, she could not make the inquiry she intended, for now she dreaded what she was to hear.

“Well, Marion,” said her mother, “you have thought this a long day, and I have been kept longer than I expected ; but, my dear, you are hired to Mrs Smith, and there are your *arles*,” added she, putting the money into her hand. “But are you sorry, now that it is done ?” continued her mother, when she saw Marion unable to suppress her tears.

“O no, mother ! I am not sorry ; but I cannot help this, somehow,” replied Marion, wiping her eyes : then, trying to be composed, she said,—“Now, mother, tell me what I am to do ; tell me what Mrs Smith is like, and if you think she will be difficult to please.”

MOTHER. “Mrs Smith looks gentle, and was kind to me ; and I hope, Marion, you will be happy in this your first service, and have no reason to regret giving up your own wishes when duty required it.”

MARION. “I shall at least be happy in feeling that I no longer add to my dear father’s difficulties : but, mother, give me that bundle ;” added

she, taking a bundle out of her mother's hand, "Why have I let you carry it so long, when you must be tired after walking so far?"

MOTHER. "I was more tired in the morning before I reached the farm, Marion; for I thought may be disappointment was before me; and, if Mrs Smith had got a servant, I did not know how to turn, for your father would not suffer me to inquire any more about the other place we heard of, for he said nothing would induce him to let his child go where she would see a bad example, and might be led into the ways of sin. But, instead of disappointment, I have met with far more to comfort us than I expected. O that I could feel grateful as I ought to Him who watches over us, ungrateful as we are!" added she, wiping away the tears which flowed from that very feeling, the reality of which she questioned.

MARION. "And what am I to do, mother?"

MOTHER. "Your chief employment, my dear, will be to keep two fine little children, one four years old, the other a baby, and to assist Mrs Smith in any other way you can; and, Marion, she has been kind enough to promise to let you come home every second Sabbath, if you can be back early enough on Monday morning."

MARION. "O, I rejoice to hear it! I shall rise as early as needful,—that will be easy indeed."

MOTHER. "Your father will be better pleased with that than any thing else; but I think yonder



he is coming down the path to meet us," said she, quickening her pace: "I was wondering if he would be come home yet."

The father soon met them, and, giving his wife his arm said,—“Let me help you up the brae, Mary; you have had a long walk.”

MARY. “Yes, James; and I went away with a sad heart this morning, but I am come back with a cheerful one, and have nothing but good to tell you of. Our Marion is hired to Mrs Smith, where, I think, she will be happy, and be with those who fear the Lord. And, more than that, James, she is to be allowed to come home to us every second Sabbath.”

JAMES. “I am thankful to hear all this; but, Mary, how did you get the last part of it made out?”

MARY. “Mrs Smith asked me a great deal about Marion, and if she might be really trusted with her children, and would teach them no bad ways; and told me she had so many things to look after herself, that she could not attend to them as she wished, and that to get a religious girl to take care of them would be the greatest comfort to her. She then told me she had discovered lately that the girl who had been with her was by no means what she had supposed,—that she told lies, and had led her eldest child to tell an untruth. Mrs Smith was so much distressed about this, that she dismissed the girl immediately, for fear of her in-

juring the child. She has seen her often since, and tried to convince her of her sin, but will not allow her to speak to the child. A younger sister of Mrs Smith's is at present staying with her, but she wants Marion to go to her as soon as possible."

"You did not tell me that," interrupted Marion.

"I have not had time," replied her mother, smiling.

"And how soon must I go then?" inquired Marion.

MOTHER. "Not till the week after next; I did not think you could be ready sooner, my dear."

JAMES. "Well, but I have not heard yet how you settled about the Sabbath-day."

MOTHER. "Indeed, James, Mrs Smith was so frank with me, I was very soon the same with her, and told her the reason which led us to part with Marion to go to service, and how much it would soften it to us all, if she could be allowed to come to us sometimes on the Sabbath-day; that she was young to be away from her father's instructions,—that it was different from what we had intended for her, and we would often be anxious about her. So far from Mrs Smith being displeased, the tears came over her eyes: she said it was a severe thing for parents to be obliged to part with their children, and she would endeavour to do as we wished. So before I came away she had thought about it, and settled it should be that



way at first, at least. And Marion does not know what is in that bundle she is carrying," continued her mother. "In addition to the things I brought from B——, there is no less than a nice new gown for herself, which Mrs Smith gave me. She had got it for her last girl, but could not give it after her misconduct, and she said it would help to make Marion look neat when she came to her place."

JAMES. "Well, Mary, we have much to thank the Lord for at the close of this day. In the morning all was uncertain, but we have often experienced the fulfilment of his promise, that He will never forsake those who trust in Him."

We shall leave the party returning leisurely to their peaceful, though lowly cottage, James endeavouring to raise the thoughts of his dear companions above the cares of this world, to that better state where sorrow is unknown; and explain why poor Marion was obliged to become a servant, when other plans had been determined on regarding her.

James Duncan had been for many years assistant gardener to a gentleman in the neighbourhood: he was an excellent workman, received good wages, and, with the assistance of an active, industrious wife, had thus far brought up a large family in much comfort, and had been able to give the elder ones as much education as their station in life made him wish for. It was needful, how-

ever, that in some measure they should all be able to provide for themselves ; and Marion, the eldest daughter, had always wished to remain at home. She was taught the higher branches of sewing, and could work very neatly ; and their plan was, that she should remain with her parents and endeavour to get employment in that way. Betsy, the second daughter, was a gay, affectionate, good-natured girl, who thought she would tire of sitting at work all day, and would prefer seeing new places, and new people ; therefore she chose to be a servant, and hoped to get a good place. The parents were satisfied the girls should determine for themselves, but resolved to keep them all under their own roof as long as circumstances permitted. But misfortune may enter into any family, and it was distress that changed the plans of this little circle. Early in the preceding year, James Duncan's mother, an aged Christian, who lived with them, and had assisted in training their infant family, was suddenly removed from them to a better world : and scarcely had they recovered from their grief for one whom all loved and looked up to as their affectionate guide, when James was seized with a severe fever. For some time his recovery was doubtful ; and from circumstances of prosperity and comfort, this family was involved in alarm and sorrow. The father's life was spared, but many weeks of illness followed, then months in which he was unable to work.

His master valued this faithful servant, and his wages were continued to him ; but sickness requires many comforts to soften it, and brings many wants. Mrs Duncan, worn out with an anxious attendance, could do very little to assist the family. First one child, then another, had to be taken from school, and it required the most rigid economy to provide their daily food. Marion worked hard, but at such a time her little earnings were of small avail.

As summer approached, and the weather became fine, James's health and strength gradually returned. He and his wife were pious Christians, and had been supported in all their sorrows, and things began to look better again. The two eldest boys had been sent to work under the gardener, as James was distressed at receiving wages which he said he did not deserve : his master had seen the two boys at work one day when walking in the garden, and on inquiring about them, and hearing whose sons they were, he was so pleased with James's independent honesty, that after allowing them to work for a week, he desired them to inform their father, that his two sons had paid his debt, and were now going to work for themselves ; and the gardener was to give them proper wages for every day's work, the same as he gave to the strangers he sometimes hired when he needed more assistance. James was soon able to return to his usual work, and the boys had become



so useful they were kept to assist in the grounds. All was restored in some measure to comfort during the summer, yet it was with extreme difficulty that the rent was collected. Nevertheless all were in health, James was not a halfpenny in debt, and Mary and he felt they had much to be thankful for, and gratitude to heaven was warm in their hearts.

Marion was a sensible, steady girl: she had witnessed with much pain all the sufferings of her parents, and, being the eldest, nothing was concealed from her. During their difficulties she had often blamed and reproached herself for having remained so long a burden on her parents, when at her present age she ought to be able to provide for her own support; and, after many thoughts, she determined to give up her own wishes, and endeavour to procure a place as a servant.

Her parents listened to her plans and loved their child, while they grieved that she should so early in life meet with disappointment, and have to struggle with hardship and sorrow.

"We shall think about it, Marion, my dear," said her father; "if I must part with one of my girls, I would fix upon you, for this reason, that I have most confidence in your principles. I hope you have early chosen the God of your fathers to be the guide of your youth, and that you believe there is no happiness for us, either in this world or in the life to come, unless our souls have ob-

tained an interest in Jesus Christ our only Saviour. Your sister is young and lively. I can see no evidence yet that her heart feels the power of religion: she is easily led, and I should be anxious indeed if she was away from us and exposed to any bad example."

MARION "Oh no! father, it is certainly the eldest who should go away first, and you will just try and find a place for me, and you will tell me my duty, and my dangers: I will endeavour to remember your instructions, and God will watch over me while I am doing what is right."

It was in consequence of this determination that Mrs Smith's place was inquired after and procured for Marion, and the matter was all settled more easily and sooner than she expected.

Marion felt that she was right in thus giving up her own favourite plans, and at times she was cheerful and happy. At other times, the idea of leaving her home was so painful, she thought she would rather live on bread and water than be forced to go among strangers, who would perhaps, dislike her and treat her unkindly. Many rebellious thoughts filled her mind; but Marion had been taught not only to examine her conduct, but also the workings of her heart, and, in doing so, she felt humbled and mortified at seeing so much evil reign within her. She remembered who had permitted distress and poverty to enter into her father's family. She had seen her parents receive

all as a trial of their faith. She heard them talk of the years of prosperity they had known, and say, if such had continued unbroken, they might have been led to doubt if they were really numbered amongst the children of God, because He hath said, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Marion felt how very weak her own faith was, and prayed earnestly that God would subdue her self-will, and enable her to perform her duty, however painful it might be.

Marion was anxious to get all the instruction and advice she could from her parents, before she entered upon this new, and to her formidable situation; and their kindness and affection towards her seemed to increase as the period drew near when, for the first time, she was to leave her father's house. Marion had some worldly matters to arrange during the week after her mother's visit to Mrs Smith. Her little wardrobe was to put in order,—the new gown was to be made—and she had also to visit some of her relations before her departure. Poor Betsy was in great distress at the prospect of being left without her sister, and did every thing in her power to assist Marion while she remained. When they were sitting at work, together, and Marion saw that her heart was softened, she took the opportunity of saying many serious things to her, which, at a happier moment, Betsy would scarcely have listened to from her sister, and endeavoured to rouse her to



make some exertion to be useful at home ; then told her how she must supply her place in every thing after she was gone. Betsy did not answer ; but Marion knew so well what things to give her a hint about, that the young one, anxious to do what she could, listened with fixed attention ; and, for many days after, remembered what Marion had said to her ; and her sister's attempt to be of use was not in vain.

Her last week at home seemed to pass very quickly to poor Marion. Saturday came, and with it her last preparations for her departure on the following Monday. In the forenoon her mother assisted her to put up her things.

"You must have every thing done to-day, my dear," said she, "or it may take up your thoughts to-morrow, and we can get no good in the house of God, if our hearts are wandering after trifles."

"All is done now, mother," said Marion at last, "except what I must leave till Monday, and it will not take me a quarter of an hour then. You know, continued she, "I was engaged to drink tea at my aunt's to-night ; but, mother, if you please, I will just go and bid them farewell. I would rather be at home when my father comes in. Indeed I would rather not go at all."

MOTHER. "Your friends might take that unkind, my dear ; but run away just now, and you need not stay long. Betsy, dear, leave that work to me, I shall finish it, and go with your sister."

Marion had still some questions of a religious nature she wished to ask her father, and did not choose to delay doing so till the Sabbath evening; because the church being at some distance, it was late before they returned home, and her father had so many of them to attend to, and to hear them say their catechism, etc., that she could not expect to get an opportunity of speaking to him then. During the last six months, Marion had not said her catechism. To spend the Sabbath evening aright, was left upon her own conscience, and she was away from the others, and alone, till the hour for worship. Marion had learned to love the Sabbath, and to long for its return, the sacred hours were precious to her.

On this evening Marion had her wishes satisfied; and, in a long conversation with her father, she told him her fears regarding the future, and received from him the best advice he could give.

“Have you any thing more to ask about, my dear?” inquired he at last, clapping her affectionately.

“I think not, father,” answered she; “all appears to me very clear at present, and all else of little importance, compared with our safety for eternity. ‘What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ But we do not always feel thus. *Present* things engage our time and thoughts, and *unseen* things are forgotten, and appear distant.”

JAMES. "We are never distant from God, Marion, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' If we forget Him who sustains us every moment, it proves the dark and evil state of our minds, and, in those that know his love, the deepest ingratitude."

"I know it, father," replied Marion, wiping away her tears, "yet the sinful heart is led away, even when it desires to love the Lord and obey his will. But, father," continued she, "you have been so long good, and are such an old Christian now, you have forgotten the doubts and troubles of one ignorant, and"——

"Stop, Marion," interrupted her father, with apparent emotion, "do not speak thus. I am an old *sinner*, and the Lord has of late chastened me sore, to prove me, and to try me, and to show me what was in my heart; and surely," continued he, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "I have been humbled in his sight,—I have beheld something of what sin is,—and I have been taught to value the free salvation to be found in the Son of God. 'To them who believe, Christ is precious' indeed."

He spoke with much emotion, then covered his face with his hands, and shed a few silent tears.

Marion was surprised and overcome. She had seldom before ever heard her father allude to his own experience. Her mother looked affectionately at her husband, while tears filled her eyes;



but Marion saw she was well acquainted with the state of his mind.

In a little, James was again quite composed, and, drawing his chair nearer Marion, he said kindly to her—

“Do not suppose me unhappy, my child. I am, on the contrary, able to say, ‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’ I now know, from my own experience, how God can support the soul in deep affliction, and in the near view of death. But, Marion, when I saw your mother attend me last winter till her own health failed,—when I knew it was with difficulty she could procure daily food for my children,—do you think there was nothing difficult to bear in all this? And *you*, too, my dear Marion, to see you obliged to give up the plans your young heart had formed, and to enter upon a situation, the idea of which you have disliked from your earliest years.”——

“Oh do not think of me, dear, dear father,” interrupted Marion, taking his hand; “I shall not be unhappy,—promise me you will not think of me,” said she, earnestly.

“*I may* think of you, my child,” replied her father, looking mildly at her, “and they will be sweet and pleasant thoughts to me. I trust, Marion, you are under more tender care than mine. An earthly parent may err even in his love, but your heavenly Father knows what is best for you. Trust in Him, and He will carry on his work in

your soul, and at last prepare you for eternal bliss. The hope that one of my children has early 'chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her,' makes every trial appear light to me."

Marion wept while her father spoke thus to her, and she felt as if her mind was strengthened by what had passed during that evening. The following day was the Sabbath, and Marion was early engaged in secret devotion, and earnestly implored that a peculiar blessing might rest upon the holy services in which she was to be employed. She loved the house of prayer, and her mind was in a state prepared to receive improvement from the instruction delivered.

In the evening her father once more reminded her of the necessity of watchfulness and prayer, in the new, and perhaps difficult, situation upon which she was about to enter. "You must expect to meet with some difficulties, my child," added he, "but your conscience is in some measure enlightened, and you must listen to its voice within you. In trying to please your mistress, you know you are doing your duty to God; but, to gain the approbation of any human being, we must never disobey his holy will. You remember what is said of 'eye-servants;' but I trust you fear Him whose eyes are continually upon you, and who knows all your ways, too much ever to be less faithful to your mistress in her absence than if she were present with you; and

O remember the necessity of *truth* in every thing—in even the smallest circumstance: you have a sad warning before you in that girl who was guilty of such an awful sin as daring to lead the infant she had charge of to tell a lie. Marion,” continued her father, “you seem surprised at my insisting so much on the necessity of the strictest truth, and seem hurt with me for supposing you capable of ever telling a falsehood; but, my dear, we never know in what form temptation may come. David himself prays, ‘Remove from me the way of lying.’ You have naturally a timid temper, Marion, and a servant is often led to say what is untrue by wishing to conceal what may displease her mistress; but O, my dear, beware of ever committing this sin: no displeasure of your mistress can ever give you the pain and anguish that a guilty conscience would do.”

Marion *had* felt hurt at her father so often warning her against a sin of which she was never guilty, and would have trembled to commit; but when he again enforced the same advice, and mentioned the prayer of David, she listened with a humble spirit, and determined to watch against this and every other sin.

Time passed quickly away, and the unwished-for hour at length arrived at which Marion was to set out for the farm of Redbraes. A cousin of hers, who was going to the neighbouring town of B——, was to accompany her; but her mother,



with the baby in her arms, and all the little ones following, convoyed her to the bottom of the hill, and then took an affectionate farewell.

Marion had kept up very well till she saw them turn away to go home without her, then she could no longer restrain her tears.

Her cousin led her kindly on, saying, "Not to vex her mother,—that her heart was sore enough."

Marion made an effort to be calm; and when she saw on looking back, that the whole party were seated on the side of the hill, to watch as long as she remained in sight, she nodded cheerfully to them, and walked quickly on, to conclude the sad parting.

"You have done very well, Marion," said her cousin, when they were too distant to be any longer observed, "and now take your breath, and let us walk a little slower. Your heart is very sad to-day, my dear; but you are doing your duty, and there is no fear of us when we are in that safe path. But, now that you will be without the good example of your pious parents, take care that nothing leads you astray. You know Our Lord says, that 'wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, for strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' O, Marion, labour to be found among that happy few. And, if any one is wicked enough to laugh at you for attend-

ing to your religious duties, think of that day when you shall stand before the judgment-seat of Him who hath declared, 'Whosoever is ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in his own glory, and in his Father's, and with the holy angels.' Mrs Smith is a pious woman, Marion, but every one you will see at Redbraes is not like your father and mother."

Marion observed this hint; for she knew that her cousin was well acquainted with the people about the place, and she thought it agreed with her mother's frequent advice, to be civil to every body, but to make few acquaintances,—that, if she was attentive to her own duties, she would have very little time for idle-speaking.

After walking the last part of the way in silence, her cousin at length pointed out the house to Marion, at a little distance, and, shaking her kindly by the hand, she expressed her good wishes in a cheerful tone of voice, and then proceeded on her way to the town of B——.

Marion's heart beat quick as she approached the door of her future abode; but she had no time for thought; for at that moment Mrs Smith came out with her sister, who was about to leave her, and, on seeing Marion, she spoke immediately to her in a kindly way.

"I fancy you are Marion Duncan! and I am very glad to see you, for I am in great need of

help, we have had so much to do for some days."

Marion felt encouraged by being more kindly received than she thought a *servant* could expect, and answered, modestly, "That perhaps she ought to have come sooner."

"O no," said her new mistress; "I did not expect that; but my sister is obliged to leave me sooner than she intended, and you and I will need to be very active to-day. Just step in and sit down."

Marion went into the house as she was desired; and seeing the baby asleep in the cradle, she sat down to watch by him; and as she looked at the pretty boy she thought how easy it would be to love her little charge. The eldest child had followed her mother, and looked rather sulky at Marion as she passed her.

In a few minutes the baby waked, but did not cry. Marion thought he might be afraid of a stranger, and did not venture to lift him, but she tried to amuse him; and, being well accustomed to little ones, she knew how to succeed; and, when his mother came in, the baby was laughing and crowing in Marion's arms.

"So you are already at your post," said Mrs Smith, looking much pleased at Marion. "Poor fellow!" added she, taking the infant, who held out his little hands to her, "you will now have a friend of your own to take care of you; you have been sadly tossed about among strangers lately."



Mrs Smith inquired kindly about Marion's friends, and sitting down she invited her to rest a little. After getting a little acquainted with Marion, and conversing about her father and mother for a time, Mrs Smith said to her in a gentle tone of voice, "Now, Marion, I know the reason which has induced you to leave home against your own plans and wishes ; but, my dear, do not suppose that, because you are come to be my servant, I shall ever look down upon you : my father and mother, Marion, are just in the same kind of situation as yours : I was many years a servant myself, and if you take good care of my dear children, and teach them what is right as far as you can, I shall be under far more obligation to you, Marion, than ever you can be to me ; just in as far as the mind is above the body : the money you gain from me may procure you clothes or some such thing, but if you teach my children what is right, you may be of use to their precious souls."

Marion tried to answer, but she had expected to be received in a manner so different from Mrs Smith's frank kindness, that she was perfectly overcome by it, and wept.

Mrs Smith looked surprised for a moment, then said, "Your heart is sore to-day at leaving home, Marion, but be assured I shall do all in my power to make you comfortable here." Marion was soon able to thank Mrs Smith for her kindness, and say how earnestly she wished to do her duty to

her mistress and to her children. When Marion spoke, she expressed herself with a modest but distinct seriousness above her years, and Mrs Smith was more and more pleased with the new inmate she had received into her family.

“Marion,” said she, “it would be pleasant to me if I could devote my time as I wish to my children; but I have other duties to attend to. My husband requires me to overlook many things when he is absent; he has no one else to trust to, and it is in my power to save him trouble. I hope you will keep my mind easy about my children; and that a blessing will come with you to this house; I am sure it has been prayed for. But I must not be any longer idle,” added she, “and perhaps you will assist me most if you can persuade this boy to go to you; but take off your bonnet first, Marion, and try to feel at home as soon as you can.”

Marion did as she was desired, and the baby now went to her quite willingly, and the little girl, seeing he did so, very soon also made acquaintance with her, and learnt to say her name. The poor child's temper was injured by improper treatment, which her mother had been unable to prevent; but Marion was so gentle with her, and knew so well how to amuse her, that she soon became good-natured and merry, and the first evening allowed Marion to undress and put her to sleep.

Walter Smith was overseer to a gentleman who

farmed a small property of his own, and who was at present absent on business after having seen his harvest safely gathered in. Walter had the charge of every thing in his absence. This gave him and his wife a great deal to do, and considerable anxiety, which often accompanies a situation of honour, and which a humbler one is not burdened with. The work people were not quite so diligent under Walter's direction as when the master's eye was upon them; late and early he laboured himself that all might be right, and rejoiced that now two days more would end the anxious charge he had undertaken.

Marion found that almost her only employment was taking care of the two little children. When the baby was asleep she endeavoured to assist Mrs Smith; but she was so active herself, there was little to do, except in sewing, after the little ones were in bed. Marion had plenty of that to do. Mrs Smith had another servant, who looked after the cows, etc.; but she did not live in the family, and the hours Mrs Smith did not require her, she worked for the master on whose property her mother had a cottage.

Kate was a coarse, good-natured, country girl; but Marion saw, from the first, that she was not very cordial to her. The reason of this she could not imagine, for she had never seen her before, and the girl could know nothing about her; but Marion expected to meet with unpleasant things. She tried



to be civil to Kate, and to give her no *cause* to dislike her; then, she thought, her own conscience, at least, would not reproach her, and perhaps, in time, she might overcome her unjust ill will.

Marion felt thankful for the kindness of her mistress: she felt very thankful, also, that she had got a place, the duties of which were suited to her disposition, and which, in some measure, she was acquainted with.

Fond of children, and accustomed to her own brothers and sisters, she knew how to treat the little creatures committed to her care; and every hour they were gaining more of her heart and of her affectionate interest, while, in return, they loved her dearly. She found the little girl's temper soured by neglect and improper treatment; but Marion was so gentle, yet so steady, with her, that she very soon became obedient and easily managed.

Their mother saw with pleasure the cheerful and happy looks of her little ones, under the judicious treatment of their new attendant, and her kindness to Marion daily increased. She had desired her to be particularly watchful regarding any thing like an untruth, and to inform her immediately if little Ann was ever guilty of any thing of the kind.

Marion had never perceived the child disposed to evade, or tell a falsehood, but she had seen her look frightened, and her little face work painfully,

if she was questioned about any trifle ; and Marion never found fault if the child told her of any little error she had committed. She wished to gain her confidence, and, as she got more sense, to teach her what was right. She saw Ann was of a very gentle temper, and that it probably was the fear of punishment which had led her to be untrue.

At length, one forenoon, Marion was out with the two children in a field near the house. She had placed the little boy on a blanket on the ground, and left his sister to watch that he did not come on the damp grass, and amuse him, till she folded some clothes which had been put on the hedge to dry.

Marion had frequently looked round and spoken to the children while employed in this work, and saw they were quite safe and comfortable ; but she had to go a little farther from them to get the last part of the clothes ; and when she returned to the children, after putting the things into the basket, she was surprised to find they had been joined by a little girl, who was busy talking to them. Marion had never seen her before ; and, as she took the little boy into her arms, the girl got up, and saying, "Remember, Ann, what I told you," she kissed the child and ran off.

Marion immediately asked the child, who that was ?

Ann did not answer her, but, looking at a bit of gingerbread which she held in her hand, she repeated, "I got it from her,—I got it from her,"

as if she had been thinking over something in her own mind without listening to Marion.

Marion again inquired who it was that gave it to her. The child then looked up in her face, and began to cry. Marion saw that something was wrong, and asked her if that was the girl that kept her before she came? The child hung down her head, but she did not answer.

“You know, my dear Ann,” said Marion, “that your mother trusts I will do what she desires, when she gives me the charge of her little children. She has forbid you ever to speak to that girl, because she led you to do what was more sinful than you can yet understand. You know I never saw her, and you ought to have called me whenever she came to you; and now I must tell your mother what has passed.”

“O no, no!” sobbed the child, “do not tell; she forbade me to tell. She gave me all this good gingerbread, and said nobody would ever know; but you came round when she did not see you. O dear, dear!”

The child sobbed and cried bitterly, and poor Marion was greatly distressed at what had happened; but she determined instantly to tell her mistress. She took the child kindly into her arms, and sat down and spoke to her gently for some time, —bade her remember what God had said about those who tell lies,—and that she should be happy that she had been prevented telling the lie she intended.



"Yes," said the child, looking frightened, "I would have done it: I would have told you a lie, and I would have told mammy a lie. O don't leave me again!"

The little creature clung round Marion's neck, as if in dread of being parted from her, and soon told what had passed with the naughty girl. She had only been with them a few minutes,—desired Ann to eat the gingerbread,—not to let her mother see it,—and never to tell she had spoken to her. Marion soothed and comforted the child; and when she had quite stopped crying, she got up to come home, intending to tell her mistress. As they passed the corner of the field, they met Kate coming from milking the cows.

"Ay," said Kate, as they came near, "the mistress will find out now that she has not got quite such a *perfect* servant as she thought. You have allowed the very thing she will dislike most; but, to be sure, you may be will never tell her."

"I mean to tell her immediately," replied Marion; "I am sorry, indeed, this has happened."

"Well, take your own way," said Kate; "but you will perhaps repent that too,—for a good scold you will get, that I can promise."

The child clung round Marion, and again began to cry.

"Ay, poor thing," said Kate, "you liked her well;" then trudged off with her milk pails.

Marion saw she had got into a sad scrape; but

she feared to commit sin against God, more than she feared the anger of her mistress, and never once thought of concealing what had happened. She tried to pacify the frightened child, and hoped to prevent her mother from inflicting any punishment for this unfortunate meeting with the thoughtless girl.

When Marion entered the house with the two children, she found her mistress extremely busy, and several people with her. She could not interrupt her at that moment, and waited long for an opportunity of speaking to her. At length, every one went away, and the instant she was alone with Mrs Smith, she told her every thing that had occurred.

Mrs Smith was surprised and displeased, and answered hotly, "It was hard she could find no one she might trust,—that Marion knew she cared for nothing compared with her children,—that she had nothing to do with the clothes,—Kate could have fetched them in."

Mrs Smith at that moment forgot that she had herself desired Marion to fold up the clothes, because she was going to send Kate a message to a distance. Marion was not aware till then, that her mistress had a warm temper; however, she made no answer except saying mildly, "that she would be very careful never to leave the children again."

Marion was frightened to say any thing more,

and feared the child might be punished ; but Mrs Smith continued to work busily about, and took no notice of little Ann till towards evening, when she ordered Marion to arrange different things in the family, and herself took the children and put them to bed. Except to give her orders, she had never spoken to Marion since she told of the unfortunate event ; and all day Marion thought she looked cold and displeased at her. It was Saturday ; and, of course, Marion had more to do in the evening than usual. She endeavoured to do every thing as well as it was in her power, but she felt very unhappy ; and at last, when she retired to bed, she could not sleep. It was the first day she had been treated merely as a servant, and had met with any unkindness ; and now she bitterly felt the change from the happy situation she had left in her father's house. She also felt quite uncertain if now she would be able to please Mrs Smith, for she thought, "surely she has been a little unjust to me this day." Marion was distressed at finding her mind so much engaged with these busy thoughts, that she could not raise her heart above this world's cares as she wished. Once more she examined her own conduct, and endeavoured to ascertain what was her duty ! Having done so, she tried to attain a calmer state of feeling ; she remembered her last conversations with her father, and all he had said to encourage her faith. The approaching day was the holy



Sabbath, and Marion hoped it would restore peace to her soul. She had no feeling of resentment towards her mistress,—she saw how she doated on her children, and was grieved that any thing had happened to distress her, though she felt convinced that little Ann had not been injured by what had occurred.

The following morning, Marion had spent two peaceful hours, engaged with her Bible and her Sabbath duties, before any other member of the family was awake. She was a stranger, and ignorant of the habits of this house ; but she was already aware that in many things they differed widely from those she had been accustomed to at home.

Mrs Smith was a pious woman. Her husband had been well instructed, and was well disposed, but religion was cold in his heart, and his worldly concerns excited in him a far deeper interest. His wife had not succeeded in her efforts to animate his devotion, but she had herself received a worldly chill from him. All here formed a striking contrast to the devoted piety Marion had long witnessed in her dear parent's house. She had discovered symptoms of this during the week, but the Sabbath confirmed her fears. Fatigued with the labours of the past week, Walter was too late for church in the morning. His wife, however, went ; and in the afternoon he was ready to accompany her when she returned there.

Marion thought Mrs Smith looked more kindly at her, and she had again spoken to her several times in the gentle friendly way she had done before; and Marion was so happy, she felt her heart quite light. In the evening, when little Ann repeated a verse of a pretty hymn which Marion had taught her, the mother's eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Marion, I hope you will forget my being so unreasonable with you yesterday. I was vexed, and did not remember that I ought to be just to you, as well as careful of my children. When I had time to think, I saw how it was. My temper is too hasty."

Marion replied that she was only afraid her mistress would feel less confidence in her, and that made her unhappy.

MRS SMITH. "I ought to feel far more confidence in you, Marion, for you have obeyed me all you could, and concealed nothing from me; and, in one short week, I see my children improved under your care. Continue to be faithful, and try to look upon me as your friend, and I must endeavour to watch over my warm temper."

In the evening, Walter went out to visit a friend. His wife urged him with many intreaties, not to leave home on Sunday; but he said he had promised, and would be back some time before the hour for worship.

After Walter went away, his wife continued

very thoughtful for some time, then turning to Marion, who was busy reading her Bible, she said, "Marion, how does your father spend the Sabbath evening?"

Marion answered her inquiry, then continued to read. Mrs Smith now also took her Bible, and it remained open before her, but she seemed engaged in painful thought, and shed tears repeatedly. Marion felt deeply interested in her mistress, and wished she had been older, and more on a footing of equality, that she might have ventured to inquire what weighed upon her mind; but she could not presume to do this, and thought also, that she might be too ignorant to know what counsel to give, even if she was acquainted with the cause of her grief. Walter returned, but not so early as he had said, and Marion thought he engaged in family worship more as a form, than as a pleasure.

During the following week nothing particular occurred. Marion was happy to find herself treated with increasing confidence, and had entire charge of the children. She heard that the girl who had occasioned so much uneasiness by her conduct, was gone to live with an aunt at some distance; and it seemed affection for the children which made her wish to see them once before she left that part of the country, and Marion felt sorry for her, even though she had made her suffer so much. Marion looked forward with great



pleasure to seeing her parents on the following Sunday, according to the promise of her mistress ; but, to her great joy, she was permitted to see them sooner than she expected, for on Saturday morning Mrs Smith told her that a cart from the farm was to pass near her father's late in the day, and if she would put over as much of her work as possible, she would let her go, for it was a pity to lose such a good opportunity. Marion was very happy and very grateful to her mistress. She worked busily and accomplished more than was expected, and with a light heart she set out to visit her own dear home, a welcome but unexpected guest. The young ones gave a shout of joy when they saw Marion enter, and her parent's eyes glistened with mixed emotions of pleasure and sadness. Every member of the family had expected to see the absence of Marion make a painful blank ; but each one had felt it more than was expected, and her return excited many different feelings. Marion was at that moment the happiest of the party ; the affection of her parents, and their approbation, were delightful to her, and she looked round the dear little cottage, in which every humble object had its little history connected with it, with pleasant feelings which the great ones of the earth might have both despised and envied. A fortnight had not yet elapsed since Marion left the abode of her childhood ; but so much had passed in her own mind, that it appeared to her a far longer

period. She had much to relate, and her parents had endless inquiries to make regarding her situation, companions, and employments. Marion answered all their questions, but with the prudence of a sensible girl, she repeated nothing she had seen pass in the house of her mistress which she thought would give her pain to have known. Her parents had cautioned her on this point when giving her instructions upon the duty of a servant. Her father used to say to her, "Marion, you may be at a loss what you ought to do, when, perhaps, it would be improper for you to consult even your parents, because your daily duty may be involved with the concerns of others that they would not choose you to make known; but study your Bible, and ask assistance from your God, and He will lead you in the right path." Marion thought of this when she saw her mistress often unhappy, and suspected the cause to be anxiety about her husband. She could not mention such a circumstance as this, for Walter was considered a very religious man; but oh! she wished her poor mistress had some one to speak to—some one that could comfort her.

"Well, Marion," said James Duncan to his daughter, "I am sure we are all obliged to Mrs Smith for sending you home to us to-day: we know far more about you than we could have done if you had only spent the Sabbath with us, for we could not have been asking about all these worldly things on the Lord's day, and your mind might have been

taken up by seeing us too, and less able to attend to your first duties. Now, I trust, we shall enter the house of God with grateful hearts, anxious to know how to love Him more and serve Him better."

On Monday morning Marion was at Redbraes earlier than her mistress expected.

"That is right," said Mrs Smith, "I am glad to see you, and sooner than I looked for; that is the way to meet with indulgence. When servants take more than they are allowed, and show they are only thinking of their own pleasure, a mistress is obliged to keep them in order, and remind them that their time and work belong to her."

Marion smiled, and immediately went to her own duties.

One evening, soon after this, Mrs Smith was busy sewing; Marion also was at work beside her, the little children being in bed. "Do you know any thing about mantua-making?" inquired Mrs Smith, "I am perfectly tired trying to get this gown to fit, and I am sure I shall never succeed."

"I have not much skill," replied Marion, "but if you will allow me to fit this on, perhaps I may find out what is the matter with it."

Marion did so, and immediately discovered that one part of the gown had been cut too small. "If you can give me a little bit of the cotton," said Marion, "this will very soon be all 'right.'"

Mrs Smith gave what she wanted, and Marion then offered to finish the gown for her if she pleased.



"And, Marion," said Mrs Smith, "are you really willing to undertake so much work in addition to all your own?"

"If you are not in a hurry," replied Marion, "I shall be happy to do it."

"I am in no hurry," said Mrs Smith, "and shall be greatly obliged if you can finish this job for me; but, indeed, Marion, I am surprised at your good-nature."

Marion sat up an hour later than usual the two following nights, and worked every moment that she could in the day also, anxious to get the gown finished; and the work was very soon accomplished, to the great satisfaction of her mistress. Mrs Smith said nothing particular at the time, except thanking Marion in a way which she felt to be very kind. Marion thought it her business to do any thing to assist her mistress that was in her power, though her chief employment was about the children, and she had almost forgotten the gown, and every thing about it, when the day before she next expected to see her parents, Mrs Smith said to her, "Marion, I dare say you will like to take a present of something home with you, there is five shillings for making the gown for me, and for the rest of the work you have done since you came here."

Marion looked surprised, and at first declined the money, saying, "she had only done what was part of her business."

"Oh, no, Marion," said her mistress, "I never

expected the girl I got in your place to be able to sew, far less to be a mantua-maker. If I had known the kind of servant I was getting, your wages must have been much higher, and so they shall be if you remain with me, Marion ; but in the meantime that is yours, and most fairly gained."

Marion was greatly pleased, and in one moment determined how the money should be spent. She had seen and felt much of the distress arising from poverty ; and the hope of being already able to add a little to the comforts of home, sent a glow of pleasure to her young heart which almost rewarded her for every painful moment she had spent at Redbraes.

The following evening, when alone for a few minutes with her mother, she took that opportunity of putting the money into her hand, saying, "Mother, that is to buy milk for the children's porridge; for oh! I never could bear to see them want that."

Her mother looked astonished, and asked how she had got any wages already.

Marion quickly explained the matter to her.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, while tears of pleasure filled her eyes, "I will take it and do as you wish, for I well know that will give you more satisfaction than procuring any thing for yourself, however much you may need it."

"I need nothing, my dear mother," replied Marion, "and I am happier than I thought I could be away from you all."

During the distress of the preceding winter, Mrs Duncan, for a long while, could afford nothing better than dry porridge to her children for their daily food. Most of them were so hungry they ate it greedily, but some of the little ones, too young to understand, used to cry for milk; and the poor mother tried all different ways to prevent her husband seeing them when at their food, it grieved him so much; but Marion knew every thing, and often succeeded in keeping the senseless babes quiet and out of their father's sight; but her heart was sad, and it was at such moments that she determined to remove *one*, at least, from the number her parents had to support. It was now in her power to give her little present far sooner than she expected, and she felt it was so much the sweeter to her. Those who are in affluence know little of the struggles and sorrows of their poorer brethren, or the agony of a parent when almost unable to procure the necessaries of life for his family.

Marion continued daily to become a greater favourite at Readbraes, and her situation was in all respects more comfortable than she at first expected; yet she had her own trials, and amongst the greatest of these was from Kate, who still continued her enemy. The reason of this, Marion, in vain, endeavoured to discover. Though she could not find out the reason, she felt it was the case, and saw plainly that others likewise knew it to be



so, from the jokes which sometimes passed amongst the work-people belonging to the place, and at times were directed to herself, when she was asked, Why poor foolish Kate was not a friend of hers? In the depth of winter, too, Marion was often disappointed in getting home. It was too distant to insist on going when the roads were very bad; and, as she was not very stout, her parents entreated her not to attempt it; but these were sad days to Marion. And on such occasions, as the whole family were generally at home, she could not procure a quiet corner to go to, that she might spend the Sabbath as she wished. These were sad times; but the dread of being injured by them, led her to that watchfulness and prayer which is the only safety of a Christian. And, while she experienced little enjoyment from this world, she was led more earnestly to seek that peace with God which depends not on outward circumstances, and to implore the promised aid of the Holy Spirit to comfort her soul, and to strengthen and enable her to perform her daily duty.

Marion felt deeply interested in her mistress, who had now become so fond of her that she treated her quite as a friend, and often asked her opinion about sacred things, or rather the opinion of her parents, for it was in this way Marion answered her inquiries. When she heard Mrs Smith express the responsibility she felt regarding her children, and her anxiety about them; when she knew also

that she had deeper anxieties than these, though not of a nature to disclose, and compared her own situation with that of her mistress, Marion felt that, though she was a poor servant, and might have to work for her bread all her life, yet her mind was at peace with God through Jesus Christ. Those dearest to her were his servants; she had no anxious cares; and she would not have exchanged places with her mistress, who was regarded by the world as the happy wife of a very prosperous man, getting richer every year, and envied by many. So very little is the real state of the heart known to those around us!

The most tiresome part of the day to Marion, at Redbraes, was the evening, those hours she had loved best at home, when, after the labours of the day, her father was with them, and often read aloud while she and her mother worked. When compared with her own home, poor as it was, all seemed comfortless to Marion at Redbraes. Walter was idle and listless, and often fell asleep by the fire. If his wife endeavoured to rouse him, he would tell her, that he required to rest in winter after all his labour and fatigues during the summer; and, if she succeeded in persuading him to read a little to her, he soon began to yawn, and seemed to take so little interest in the subject, that his wife looked sad and disappointed, and ceased to urge it.

Marion was a serious, thoughtful girl; she

observed what passed around her, and gained instruction to herself. Walter was always good-natured to his wife, fond of his children, and kind to Marion. He was one of the most active workmen in the country, and a very faithful servant to his earthly master; but involved in this world's interests and plans, his heart was cold towards that heavenly Master, who requires the service of his creatures, and demands the first place in their affections. It was anxiety regarding the spiritual concerns of her husband which oppressed the heart of his wife, and cast a cloud over her happiness. Gladly would she have renounced some of this world's goods to have seen him more earnest in seeking the salvation of his immortal soul. Her fervent prayers ascended to Heaven for him. She knew there could be a *form* of religion where the power of it was unknown—unfelt; and she endeavoured to convince him of this by every means in her power; but it is God alone who can touch the heart, and the time was not yet come when her husband was to be brought, a convinced and humbled sinner, to the cross of Christ, to seek salvation from Him “who suffered, the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God.”

Late one evening in the month of January, when the wintry storm had beat against the windows, and rendered the hours more gloomy to Marion than usual, as the family were about to retire to rest, they were alarmed by the voice of



a person apparently in distress, who spoke first at one of the windows, then knocked loudly at the door. Mrs Smith and Marion were both frightened, but followed Walter, who went immediately to open the door.

"Ask who it is before you open it," said Mrs Smith.

Walter did so, to please his wife, and they discovered it to be Kate's voice, and instantly let her in. The poor girl was covered with snow, which had been falling heavily all day, and crying so much they could not find out what had happened, her agitation was so great. At length they understood that her mother had been taken ill, and, she thought, was dying, and wanted assistance.

Mrs Smith wished to go immediately to the poor woman ; but she had been ill herself—the night was dreadful—and her husband would not suffer her to go out. Marion instantly offered to go, and, Mrs Smith having given her some cordials to take with her, she and Walter set out with poor Kate, who continued nearly distracted, hurrying them, and crying violently.

The widow's cottage was at some little distance, and the snow lay deep in the narrow path which led to it ; but it helped to give them light, and the moon, at intervals, shone bright upon them.

As they hastened on, Marion endeavoured to get poor Kate, more composed, seeing she could be of no use whatever in her present state ; and.

being herself a perfect stranger, she feared it was little she would be able to do for them.

When they reached the cottage, they found the poor woman asleep; and Walter very soon could assure Kate that she certainly was by no means in the state of danger she supposed.

Kate's joy at hearing this was nearly as extravagant as her grief had before been, and disturbed her poor mother, who now moved about as if she was in pain, and said, "O Kate, lassie, be quiet; if I could get some sleep I would be better."

Marion softly put down the curtain, fearing she would be alarmed if she saw strangers, and quickly prepared a cordial Mrs Smith had given her. The poor woman never opened her eyes, and Marion slipped behind her, and put the cordial gently to her lips. She took it, and, saying a few words which they did not understand, she went to sleep almost immediately again.

In a short time, Walter returned home, leaving Marion with Kate, who appeared quite unfit to take care of a sick person. When Kate was become calm again, Marion questioned her about her mother, and at what time she had been taken ill. By degrees, she discovered that her mother had fallen the day before, and afterwards had complained of pain in her head; and, from Kate's account, she had fainted, or nearly so, at night, and the frightened girl had lifted her into bed, and immediately ran to the farm. When Marion heard

of the fall, she became more alarmed, and feared they had been wrong in not trying to procure a doctor, in case she had received some injury. But at this hour, and in such a night, it was impossible for her to do any thing, or to leave Kate alone; and she thought, before daylight came, she would have time to determine what to do, and in the meantime she watched the patient with the utmost care. From attending her father during his long illness, Marion had some knowledge of what a sick person required, and when the poor woman moved about and appeared uneasy, she endeavoured to place her pillows more comfortably, and to give some relief. She feared that giving the cordial might have done harm, and now, with Kate's assistance, she prepared some cooling drink, the only thing she could venture to give, and which the poor woman took the moment it was put to her lips, while Marion watched when she appeared awake to give it her. At one time Kate expressed the warmest gratitude to Marion for her kindness, and at other times she looked suspiciously at her. Marion observed this, and marvelled what the cause could be; but it was not a time to get any thing explained then. Kate was too noisy to be led to speak more than was needful, and, long before daylight, she had been asleep for hours.

Marion felt there was something awful in being thus, as it were, alone in a strange place, with



a dying stranger, who was perhaps about to pass into an eternal state. She remembered having heard Widow Mason spoken of as a pious woman, and she thought, if so, then there was an Almighty, though unseen, Friend present with them, for we are told that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Her being poor was no evidence against her piety, for "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him." Marion felt her mind supported and composed during this trying night, and, when day began to dawn, she waked Kate, gave her the best directions she could, and set out herself, determined, if possible, to procure a doctor to see Widow Mason.

The snow lay deep, but it was now quite fair and calm, and the morning fine. Marion had a cold and unpleasant walk, but was too much interested in what she was about, to feel it so; however, when she reached the town of B——, she was greatly at a loss whom to apply to, being almost a stranger there. The first doctor she went to, refused to go so far, as he knew nothing about the person, and was too busy. "I must not go to so fine a house," thought Marion, as she turned away disappointed from the door. "I suppose this doctor can only attend the rich. Oh, if I was only nearer home, our good doctor would follow me to the poorest hovel." But, alas! home

was many miles distant, and something must be done immediately, or it might be too late for the poor widow. As Marion walked slowly on, uncertain what to do, she remembered the name of another doctor who lived in B——; she knew not whether he lived in a fine house or not, but she had heard he was a pious man. “Ah! that is the person,” thought Marion, “if he is a Christian he will not despise the poor.” In a moment, she went into a shop and inquired where this doctor lived. She was directed to a house at a little distance,—it was even larger than the one at which she had been rejected, but she did not mind. The character she had heard of its owner emboldened her, and she made her request modestly, but with great earnestness. She was taken kindly into the house, and in a few minutes the doctor came himself to her, and, after asking a number of questions, promised to see the poor woman as early in the day as it was in his power.

Marion returned with a light heart, having thus succeeded in her wishes. She went home first to see if she was wanted, but Mrs Smith sent her back to assist poor Kate. The doctor arrived sooner than Marion expected, and after feeling the poor woman's pulse, and carefully examining her head, he prepared to bleed her, to the extreme horror of Kate, who declared that Marion had brought him to kill her mother.

“I think you have more than one patient here,”

said the doctor, looking at Marion. A neighbour was now with them, however, who pacified Kate, and kept her in order.

In a short time, Widow Mason was able to speak, and appeared greatly relieved. The doctor gave his directions minutely to the elder woman, and left them, while a blessing followed him, breathed from Marion's heart, for all his kindness to the poor sufferer.

The neighbour remained all that day and all night, and let Marion return home to tell her mistress the events of the preceding night, and to get some rest, after a degree of fatigue she was almost unable for. In the morning, she had not told Mrs Smith of her journey to B——, and its success, but now she informed her of all that had passed.

Widow Mason soon recovered from the effects of her fall, under the kind attention of the strange doctor that Marion had brought to her. When Marion first saw her walking about, she was surprised to find her by no means an old woman. She was little past fifty, and stout in person, though grief had left its deep traces on her pale countenance, and her white hair gave her the appearance of advanced age. Marion had been on such an uncomfortable footing with Kate, that she had felt little interest in her concerns, and, till the events of that stormy night, she had inquired little about her mother, and was now delighted to find her as different from, and as far superior to



poor Kate, as it was possible to imagine. She was a deeply tried and eminent saint. From peculiar circumstances, she had early in life received an education above her situation, and after suffering great afflictions, she was now living separated from the world, seeking the happiness of her life in communion with her God. Marion and she very soon became intimate friends. There was a bond of union between this saint, advanced almost to the verge of heaven, and the young Christian, which is unknown to the children of this world, and sweeter than any of the pleasures they are acquainted with. It was the same God they loved—the same hope which supported their souls—the same faith by which they lived—and though in Marion her faith often appeared weak and trembling, yet it was the same in nature as that firm and living faith which animated her friend—it differed only in degree. Much did Marion enjoy the hours she could spend with this new friend, and great was the spiritual improvement which she derived from this intercourse during her residence at the farm.

When poor foolish Kate saw her mother once more recovered, her gratitude to Marion was unbounded, and expressed by every means in her power—and now at last Marion discovered the cause of her former conduct towards her, which had all proceeded from the influence of the girl who had formerly been at Mrs Smith's, over Kate.

The girl was jealous of Marion coming there in her place, and had endeavoured to prejudice Kate against her. She was a thoughtless, mischievous girl, and had succeeded in a way she neither expected nor wished, and Kate had been the means of making Marion spend many unhappy hours. Now Kate told her every thing, and her former dislike seemed changed into the warmest love. She told her mother also, and Widow Mason found this story explained things in Kate's conduct which before she could not understand ; for, though weak in natural endowments, she was well disposed. The girl had made Kate promise not to repeat what she said, as she had also done to the little child ; and now her mother saw plainly how the matter was, and knew how to apply the remedy, and do away the errors she had imbibed.

Mrs Smith was a very active person, and her only fault to Marion was her being rather slow ; but Marion, though not very active, was what we call in Scotland *ident*, and she did every thing very *perfectly*, but it made her unhappy when she got a quick hot word from her mistress. One day this happened, and poor Marion, discouraged at finding her difficult to please while she was doing her best, could scarcely keep from crying. Her mistress was vexed and annoyed when she saw this, and blamed herself for being so unreasonable, then said kindly to her—

“I think, Marion, you should be one means of

helping me to cure this hot temper of mine. It only confuses you when I find fault, and I know the thing will be well done if I have patience. I am very wrong myself, and forget how very strongly gentleness and meekness are enjoined in the Bible. I fancy," added she, "your mother has a very sweet temper—you seem quite unused to any thing as bad as mine."

"We never hear a loud word from my mother," replied Marion, smiling.

"Never a loud word!" repeated Mrs Smith, "and so large a family to keep in order—how strange! Well, I must get some advice from her the first time she comes. Will she give it, Marion?"

"She will be happy to do so, I am sure," replied Marion.

Mrs Smith smiled, and was happy to see Marion look comfortable again.

As the days became longer, Marion again had the pleasure of seeing her parents regularly. Deeply were they interested in her account of Widow Mason, and thankful she had met with such a friend.

Since Marion had been absent from home, every account she had heard of her sister Betsy had given her the greatest comfort and satisfaction. Her improvement, in all respects, had surprised her parents. Marion's absence seemed to have called her up to new thoughts and new ideas, and a great change appeared gradually to have taken place in her conduct and dispositions.



Marion shed tears of joy while her parents repeated different proofs of this change in poor Betsy, whose former wayward carelessness had given her some very painful fears, knowing more about it than her father and mother did, as Betsy stood in awe of them.

Marion had no intention of changing her place, in which she was now much more comfortable since Kate had become her friend ; but it was now the time of fixing these matters, and Mrs Smith had not yet spoken to her. She did not believe, however, that she intended to part with her, and therefore thought little about it, till, at length, Mrs Smith said to her—

“Well, Marion, I have been wondering if you did not mean to say any thing about your place ; the time is almost over ; but, when I want no change, I never think of speaking.”

Mrs Smith looked kindly at Marion, and smiled, as she said this.

“I am glad you want no change,” replied Marion ; “I am sure I want none—I could not easily meet with so kind a mistress.”

MRS SMITH. “And do you really want no change, Marion ? Are you going to be so foolish as to hire yourself again for the same wages ? truly you have none of this world’s wisdom.”

Marion reddened when she said this, and replied, —“My mistress is a better judge than I am of this matter ; she knows the reason of my being in

service, and, I am sure will be more than just to me. I have already received more kindness than I ever deserved."

"Marion, you are a strange girl," said Mrs Smith; "I intended to laugh at you for being so foolish; but you are always so grave, somehow, one must take you in your own way; so I must just gravely tell you, that your wages will be doubled, and that still I think it less than you deserve; yet I ought not to give more—though, perhaps, I ought to do with a servant more suited to my place; but at present I could not bear to part with one I so much value."

Mrs Smith was moved when she said this, and immediately left the room, in which Marion and the children were.

Marion felt much gratified with what had passed, and determined to do every thing in her power to prove that she was grateful to her kind mistress.

During the following summer, Marion was much happier at Redbraes, and every thing went on smoothly and comfortably; but she was, by degrees, insensibly getting more work to do than she was able for, and more than her health could stand.

The little boy was now able to run about; and, this being the case, more and more was trusted to her. Mrs Smith, at times, saw it was so, and tried to prevent it; but a willing disposition is often involved in doing more than it is possible for one person to accomplish; and Marion saw that, be-

fore another term, some change must be made, if she remained at Redbraes. As yet, however, she had said nothing to her parents; but at length, when she consulted them, they desired she might not hire herself without their knowledge, for they saw that Betsy still wished to go to service; and, if they found a good place for her, near themselves, they would now be willing to part with her; and, in this case, Marion must return home, as her mother could not do without one of them to assist her in the family.

Marion had not expected any thing so agreeable as this, and her heart rejoiced even at the mention of it. Her mother then told her that they had a plan in view for Betsy, but, as it was not quite certain, they had not told her yet. The minister's wife required a girl in her nursery, and had spoken to Mrs Duncan about her daughter. It was just the very place they wished to procure, where Betsy would be as carefully attended to as in her father's house, and would be very near them.

This information gave quite a new turn to all Marion's thoughts; and, while she felt that she could not leave Mrs Smith and her sweet children without regret, yet she was quite aware that she had got so deeply involved in having too much work to do, that some change was needful for her health.

About ten days after this, Marion heard that her sister was hired to the minister's family, and she immediately went to Mrs Smith and told her



the circumstances, and then gave up her own place.

Mrs Smith was much distressed at this unexpected intelligence, and expressed many regrets, both on her own account and on that of her children; but in the evening, after she had time to think about it, she said:—

“After all, Marion, I believe this matter has been settled easier for me in this way than it could have been in any other. In justice to you, I could not, I ought not, to have kept you any longer in your present situation; yet it would have required great self-denial to bring myself to part with you to another place; and I see you are unable for the work you have here.”

Deeply interested in Mrs Smith, from whom she had experienced so much friendship and kindness, Marion felt very anxious to accomplish one plan before she left Redbraes, and that was, to bring Mrs Smith and her dear friend, Widow Mason, acquainted with each other. She had been trying to make this out for some time, hoping that her mistress might derive advantage in her most important concerns, as she had herself done from the pious widow; but Mrs Smith was cold upon it, and seemed to despise Marion's friend. It was true the widow was very poor, and her daughter took care of Mrs Smith's cows; and the wife of the prosperous overseer looked down upon her. “O how unjustly!” thought Marion; and again she

determined to make another attempt to induce her mistress to visit the widow, and ventured very gently to hint her true reason for urging this so much. Mrs Smith was a good deal struck when she discovered Marion's motive for pressing her request with a degree of warmth unusual to her. She answered little, but promised to visit her some time or other. Mrs Smith resolved to go without Marion's knowledge, and to do so the first day she had time to spare.

One evening, a short time after, Mrs Smith was returning from B——, where she had gone in the morning on matters of business, and afterwards spent the day with some very worldly acquaintances: she thought she would call on the poor widow, and try to discover what attraction Marion could possibly find in Kate's mother, that she had become so warmly attached to her. Mrs Smith was fatigued in body with necessary business, and her mind was worn out with a whole day spent in a manner that did not satisfy her conscience, and the idea of resting a little at the widow's cottage on her way home, rather pleased her, and she continued her walk with this plan in view. Many painful thoughts had been her companions during her solitary walk, and she was in a very sober mood when she arrived at the humble dwelling. The door of the cottage stood open, and she entered without being perceived by its owner. Mrs Smith was struck with the appearance of the

widow, and remained at the door a few minutes without speaking. The good woman was sitting by the fire with a large Bible open before her : She seemed deeply employed with the passage she was reading, and, at one time, she paused, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, she appeared engaged in deep mental devotion. The calm, holy expression of her countenance showed the heavenly peace which reigned in her soul. In a short time her whole attention seemed again turned to the sacred volume. Mrs Smith felt uneasy, and as if she had intruded herself into the privacy of a stranger ; and, softly retreating from the place where she stood, she knocked at the door, and put it in the widow's power to admit her or not, as she pleased. The widow immediately closed the precious volume, and came to the door of the cottage. She received Mrs Smith with apparent pleasure, expressed her thanks for the many comforts which had been sent to her from Redbraes during her illness, and invited Mrs Smith to come in and rest a little, with a sort of mild dignity in her manner that surprised her proud visitor, and put entirely to flight the scornful opinion she had before formed of the poor widow.

The Bible still lay on a table beside them, and in a little Mrs Smith said she saw that she had interrupted her.

“I was seeking my evening refreshment,” said the widow, “from the book of life; and my thoughts



to-night have been directed to the wonders of redeeming and forgiving love, 'the love of God that passeth knowledge.'"

The widow continued to speak from the fulness of her heart. Mrs Smith listened to her with mixed feelings of pleasure and astonishment at the elevated language in which she expressed her thoughts—replying in so far as to induce her to continue the subject. Mrs Smith looked at the lowly cottage; every thing around her betrayed extreme poverty, but all was clean and in perfect order. She recalled, with feelings of shame, her former opinion of the person before her; she thought of what gradations of rank amongst those who dwell in earthly tabernacles, soon to be mingled in the dust, must appear in his sight "who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before Him; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in, that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity." She felt humbled before this servant of the living God, and her feelings of scorn and contempt were changed into those of esteem, and almost of love.

The widow never mentioned Marion, but she knew enough of Mrs Smith from her young friend, to be able to lead to subjects that interested her.

After a long conversation, Kate's arrival interrupted them, and Mrs Smith took leave under

deep and very profitable impressions. The widow's words had touched her conscience, and awakened her to a painful conviction of the chill which rested on her spiritual affections. She felt that she might apply to herself the rebuke given to the Laodiceans; she had become *lukewarm*, and her comfort was departed—an alarming state for a Christian.

Mrs Smith did not mention her visit to Marion when she returned home, but she appeared so worn-out and low, that Marion feared she had heard some bad news when at B——, and soon inquired gently, if any thing was the matter?

“No, Marion,” replied Mrs Smith, “nothing is the matter but what you will rejoice to hear: I have spent the last hour with your friend, Widow Mason; I like her as much as you could wish me to do; but conversing with a saint like this shows me that I scarcely deserve the name of a Christian, and I feel discouraged, which is wrong also, for I know there is provision made for the supply of all our wants, even to those weak in faith.”

Mrs Smith now wept much, her heart was softened, and the restraint of the widow's presence was withdrawn.

Marion felt thankful that she had continued to urge this acquaintance with her pious friend, and hoped that much good might result to her mistress from such intercourse, and to the widow she might confide those sorrows and difficulties which to Marion she could not mention.

Before Marion's departure, she wished much to procure a parting gift for her old friend, but feared to spend any of her little savings till she knew exactly the state of the funds in the family at home.

About this time she received an unexpected visit from her mother, to inform her of news still more unexpected. After the first inquiries were over, her mother said—

“I am come with good tidings, Marion, that you little think of.”

MARION. “I am glad to hear it, mother; what can it be?”

MOTHER. “Indeed it is what you will never guess, dear—so I may as well tell you at once. Donald, the gardener at Beechmount, is now too infirm to continue there: he has spoken to his master, and persuaded him to give the place to your father; and we are all to move to Donald's cottage before next month is done; and your father's wages are to be just the same as Donald's; and, Marion, that will be riches to us.”

Marion's colour went and came during her mother's account of this change in their lot; it seemed almost too good news for her to believe, for she made no answer whatever. Her mother was too full of the story herself to observe the effect her information had upon her daughter, and she continued to relate more particulars.

“We never heard a word about it, till one even-



ing Donald sent us word he was coming to drink his tea with us ; and then in his kind, blythe way, he told us every thing himself, and all the plans he had laid ; for you see Donald wants to get nearer the kirk before the winter weather sets in, and we are just to change houses ; we get his, and he is to take the one we are in. Donald is always to work in the garden when he likes, which you know will be whenever he is able, and he is to get a small pension from the master ; and, with what he has saved, Donald says, he only wishes he may not be too rich. And now, Marion, what do you think of all this, dear, and you coming home to us also ?”

Marion now expressed her joy in quite as warm terms as her mother could desire, and heard every minute particular of the plans of her family : and before they parted, she found all was now in so much comfort at home, that she might indulge her wish in getting the intended present for her old friend. A large shawl that would keep her warm was the gift she wanted, and she was far more anxious to get it nice than if it had been something for herself. The first time she went into town she procured what she wished ; it was large, warm, and of a dark colour. The widow had a better one, but it was carefully kept for the Sabbath-day, and never used but then ; and a common one, to be always worn, was the thing Marion saw her friend most wanted.

One evening, soon after, Marion asked permission to go and see Widow Mason: she slipped quietly into the cottage, and asking the widow in her usual way how she felt to-night, she went behind her chair, and put the shawl gently over her shoulders, then slipping away the little old one from below it, she came round and pinned the shawl on exactly in the way her friend always wore it.

"What is all this you are about, Marion?" said the widow, rather resisting being newly dressed.

"I am just looking if this shawl is as large as I wanted," said Marion, "I see it is; and now you will not refuse to wear it for my sake."

"I cannot allow this," said the widow, as she took out the pin, and began to take off the shawl.

"Oh! stop," said Marion holding her hand, "do not refuse my parting gift: you know I am very soon going away, do not be unkind to me," said she, in a very entreating voice; "do not disappoint me; I hoped you would not refuse my little present."

"Little!" repeated the widow, "I would not refuse it if it was little; but, Marion, you have seen this is the very thing I most needed, and how can you afford to make such presents?"

"You have surely nothing to do with that," interrupted Marion, again putting the shawl close round her old friend. "James Duncan is going to be a rich gardener, and it seems none of Marion's wages can be received at home now, and surely

it must be right to get something useful, and not bestow all on foolish finery."

"And is that what you intend?" said the widow, smiling.

"To be sure," replied Marion, "don't all young people love fine clothes?"

"Not all, by any means," said the widow; "but your kind heart shall have its own way, then. But this is too pretty to wear always, my dear," added she, looking at the shawl.

"Oh, no!" said Marion, "look how dark the colour is; you have another for Sunday, and you will just promise me to wear it always. You will catch cold if you take it off; now, do promise me. I have got leave to stay an hour with you, and it would be a pity to waste more time in disputing, for I have a great deal to tell you."

The widow smiled, and now gave the promise her young friend was so earnest about, and then added:

"And I may tell you too, my dear, that I am warmer already than I have been all this day before: old people feel the first cold weather very much, but it was a cold snowy night that first brought me acquainted with my dear bairn," added she, clapping Marion affectionately, as she sat down close beside her.

Marion informed her friend of her father's prospects, and of all the plans of her family; then, after some conversation of a serious nature, she



was obliged to return home, for the pleasant hour soon passed away.

“And when do you think you can come and stay a few days with your old friend as you promised?” inquired the widow, “a few days’ rest would do you good, Marion, dear, and you might take it with me; you have too much work for your strength at present.”

“I feel that I have,” replied Marion, “and now see you were right in all you said about it; but it will soon be over now, and, after we are settled in our new house, I shall certainly come and visit you, and bring my father and mother to see the friend I have made for myself when away from them.”

Marion felt more than usually unwilling to leave her old friend this evening, once more shook hands with her, and again repeated that she must not forget her when she left Redbraes. “When I have once loved a person,” replied the widow, “I never was good at forgetting them—if I had, I should have suffered less!” added she, sighing deeply. “I thought I was weaned from this world; but, Marion, you have taught me that I am not; why should my heart follow you, with the deep interest I feel?”

“Because,” replied Marion, “our Lord hath said, ‘This is my commandment, that ye love one another.’”

“That is true indeed,” said the widow; “but we must keep this love in submission to his will.

I have had many idols ; and first one was taken from me, then another, to teach me that God will not accept of a divided heart."

"Oh!" said Marion, looking earnestly at her friend, "you know I dread what may yet await me in life, when I think of the trials you have passed through."

"Ah! my dear," replied the widow, "you have a refuge to fly to in all your sorrows, that I was long unacquainted with; you will not attempt to bear affliction in your own strength. You have been taught to know your God in early life: that is a blessing you cannot as yet be sufficiently thankful for; but I had no such knowledge, and my self-righteous and proud spirit required adversity and chastening to teach me to look to Him that made me, and to humble me before my God. But I must send you away, my dear Marion; you are too late here, and we shall meet again."

Marion still lingered with her dear friend, but at length was obliged, with much reluctance, to return to the farm.

The next time Marion saw her parents she found they were very anxious to get her home before they removed to Beechmount; and as she had gone to Mrs Smith early in October the preceding year, they thought she might ask to get away the end of that month now to assist her parents in their new arrangements. Marion said she would inquire about it, but could do nothing that would

be inconvenient to her mistress, after receiving from her such unwearied kindness. When she informed Mrs Smith, however, she immediately consented, saying, there was nothing to prevent her going; that as for herself, she would be equally sorry and unwilling to part with her, whether it was that month or the next; but, since her parents wished for her, it was proper she should go. Mrs Smith had before told Marion, that she was getting a girl for the children, who had been carefully educated at a charity school, and had been highly recommended by a friend she could trust. She was an orphan who had to provide for herself, and wished to get a quiet place. Mrs Smith now said to Marion, that she would send for her immediately, that she might be in the house with her while she remained—see how she managed the children, and learn all she could from her. Mrs Smith was also getting another servant to assist in the family, and put it in her power to attend more to her children after Marion left them.

Marion felt very sorry to part with the dear little children, who were very fond of her, and could not understand why she was going away from them, and how they were to do without her. Her kind mistress, too, she was sorry to leave; but, above all, she grieved to part with the old saint at the poor little cottage, where she had spent many happy and profitable hours. But Marion



felt that her situation at Redbraes was rather injurious to her spiritual concerns. Except the widow, every one with whom she associated had less religion than herself; and, from now having too much work trusted to her, she could procure little time to spend in studying the Bible, and in gaining more knowledge of spiritual things. She felt thankful to her God that the path of duty was made plain, and a change of situation provided for her, and that this change was to restore her to all the blessings of her father's house.

The last week in October was fixed upon for the exchange of the two gardeners, and, on the Saturday preceding, Marion was expected home to remain with them; and a joyful day it was to every member of the family. The parting at Redbraes was more affectionate from all her friends than Marion expected, and she came home loaded with presents from the farm, which her kind-hearted mistress had put into the cart that was to convey her, unknown to Marion, till she was seated in it.

Marion loved them all, and was sorry to part with them; but she was going to a dearer home where her presence always imparted pleasure, and her heart was full of gratitude to God for the mercy which had followed her during her year of banishment from that home.

Marion had always been in her Sunday gown, and something as a stranger, when she paid her

short visits; but now she immediately took her former place again—and her father's eyes glistened with pleasure when he saw her working about, and attending to the comfort of every one as she used to do—and Oh! to be again with those dearest to her, was delight to the heart of Marion.

Marion had been only one year absent from home, but she seemed to have gained the experience of many, and her parents found her more than ever worthy of their approbation, their love and confidence, and poured forth the gratitude of their hearts to Him who had bestowed such a blessing in their child.

And now, having seen how Marion passed her year of trial, we may leave her to the pleasant labour of assisting her parents in their removal to a larger and better dwelling, which they did chiefly by her advice—for they saw how much she needed rest, and carefully saved her from fatigue. The new residence was a neat cottage, in a pretty situation, some of the windows looking into the beautiful garden, and Marion's taste and skill were employed in arranging the interior of the mansion, and all was very soon in nice order, though many things were yet required to complete their comfort. These however, were not at present thought of; the increase of wages was first to be employed in sending the eldest boy back to school. Stopping his education had grieved his father much.

and, before another quarter, he hoped he might be able to afford to send his brother also.

We now leave Marion better able to appreciate all the advantages and blessings she possessed, than she was at the commencement of our little history ; and, may many become acquainted with the source of that true happiness enjoyed by the GARDENER'S DAUGHTER !

THE END.





